

PALACE FURNITURE & PIANO CO.

219 Main Street

Have You Seen the FREE

The absolutely perfect Sewing Machine—the machine you have read so much about and which a special factory representative is now demonstrating at our store.

In order to get you to realize the superiority of THE FREE as we do, we have decided three things:

- First**—that we cannot afford to advertise the low price—you would never imagine that you could get as perfect a machine for the low price we ask you.
- Second**—We want you to test THE FREE in your own home for 30 days—to sew on it as if it were your own—to test it in any way you choose—to compare it with any other machine you know of. Unless you are fully satisfied—MORE than satisfied—send it back to us—we will refund to you every cent you have paid on it.
- Third**—To make it extremely easy for you to own THE FREE we are offering it this week on the low terms of

\$2.00 A Week Payments

Come and see THE FREE tomorrow and take it home for a month's trial.

We Furnish the Home Complete



NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS

A discount of 2½ per cent will be allowed on all City Taxes, paid at the office of the City Treasurer, 226 Court Street, on or before October 15, 1910.

Tax book now ready.
JOHN R. STEEL,
Collector.

AUCTION SALE.

Beginning tonight, September 26th, at 7 o'clock, and continuing every evening until the entire stock of merchandise is sold of T. M. Donohue, bankrupt. Don't forget the place, 778 West Pike street.

LETTER LIST

Is Advertised by the Postmaster of the Local Postoffice.

A list of unclaimed letters advertised at the postoffice is as follows:
Secy. American Insurance Union, Andia Antonio, Abiguar Antomello, Chas. August, Wm. Allen, Wm. Borth, Zina Brainer, Mrs. Mary A. Blue, J. R. Burke, N. C. Buchanan, Manuel Cantano, Linnie Clendenen, J. C. Curtis, June Clark, Mr. Coffman, Bob Clark, Mrs. F. E. Collett, Eschen Cresuner, Andy Cline, Marlin Deans, W. T. Duncan, Arthur Dequaste, J. E. Douglass, Miss Bessie Dolson, L. L. Fisher, Mrs. M. Frant, Giovanni Gobbesi, Will Givens, Miss Myrtle Gachson, Elwood Grass, Scott Gibson, Sarah J. Gibson, Bill Glaught, Jim Hall, Mr. O.

Hunley, Miss Nellie Henderson, Robert W. Johnson, Minerva Jenkins, Mrs. Bessie Jones, Mrs. Effie Johnson, Agnes Keller, W. H. Kelle, Harvey Lynch, Robert Long, Mrs. Julia Lester, Victor Loneman, Miss Alina Luoma, Will Marshall, E. Mitchell, B. E. Miller, Frank Moscati, Crucero Friga, Mrs. Mary Moss, W. N. Ma-Thomas Moore, Grover McNemar Rev. W. T. Napier, W. C. Nutter, Joe Nutter, Mrs. Tillie Parke, Joe Perry, Jack Peley, Miss Jessie Patterson, Venetiana Pietro, B. B. Storr, W. B. Sanders, Wm. Shafer, Mrs. Bernice Simmons, Miss Bernice Shope, Miss C. S. Slasher, George Sines, Mrs. James Sable, H. E. Stovis, Hiram T. Scott, Miss Maud Stodgrass 2 pieces, J. C. Taylor, Miss Agnes Thompson, Mrs. A. J. Tassell, Oswald Van Cansy, J. D. Williams, Mrs. C. H. West, E. A. Watson, Francis Wood, Windy Wit, Naomi Welch, Miss Nina Wilson, Mrs. Charles West.
Please mention advertised letter when calling for same.

The SILVER HORDE

By BEN BEACH
Author of "The Spoilers" and "The Barren"

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(Continued from yesterday.)

As if Hillard's conversion had marked the turning point of their luck, the partners now entered upon a period of almost uninterrupted success. Boyd signed his charter, securing a steamship then discharging at Tacoma. But closed his contracts for Chinese labor, and the scattered carloads of material, which had been lost en route or mysteriously laid out on sidings began to come in as if of their own accord.

A brigade of orientals and a miniature army of fishermen had appeared as if by magic and were quartered in the lower part of the city awaiting shipment. At the dock one thrashing April evening the Bedford Castle berthed, ready to receive her cargo, and the two men made their way toward their hotel, weary, but glowing with the gratification of an arduous duty well performed. The following morning would find the wharf swarming with stevedores and echoing to the rattle of trucks, the hum of hoists and the shrill whistles of the signalmen.

"Looks like they couldn't stop us now," said Balt.

"It does," agreed Emerson. "We ought to clear in four days—that'll be the 12th."

"It smells like an early spring, too," the fisherman observed, sniffing the air. "If it is we'll be in Kalvik the first week in May."

"I'm off to tell Cherry," said Boyd.

His course took him past Hillard's bank, and when abreast of it he nearly collided with a man who came hurrying forth. In the well groomed, fiery haired, plump figured man Emerson recognized the manager of the North American Packers' association.

"Good evening, Mr. Marsh,"

Marsh smiled about. "Eh? Ah! Why, yes, it's Emerson."

Marsh informed Boyd of the anger of Hillard's father at his cunning enterprise and also that Mildred and Mr. Wayland were to visit Kalvik on a yachting tour. Emerson was greatly amazed at this information; also he realized that Marsh had arrived on the spot because Hillard had granted his opponent a needed loan.

The next morning Balt rushed in on Emerson with news that the laborers loading the Bedford Castle had gone on a strike because the captain, Peaseley, rightly refused a demand of \$2,000 by the union.

"It's Marsh again," said Big George.

"Yes," Emerson answered; "it's a holdup pure and simple. A look of intense anxiety came into his eyes."

When Boyd retired some two hours later he found the dock deserted save for Big George, who prowled watchfully about the freight piles.

"Well, did you fix it up?" the fisherman inquired.

"No," exclaimed Boyd. "It's a rank frame-up, and I refused to be led."

"Good for you."

"There are some things a fellow's manhood won't stand for. I'll carry that freight aboard with my own hands before I'll be robbed by a labor union at the bidding of Willis Marsh."

"Say, will you let me load this ship my way?" George asked.

"Can you do it?"

Balt's thick lips drew back from his yellow teeth in that smile which Emerson had come to recognize as a harbinger of the violent acts that rejoiced his lawless soul.

"Listen," said he, with a chuckle. "Down the street yonder I've got a hundred fishermen. Half of them are drunk at this minute and the rest are half drunk."

"Then they are of no use to us."

"I don't reckon you ever seen a herd of Kalvik fishermen out of a job, did you? Well, there's just two things they know, fishing and fighting, and this ain't the fishing season. When they hit Seattle the police force goes up into the residence section and stuffs cotton in its ears, because the only thing that is strong enough to stand between a uniform and a fisherman is a hill."

"Can you induce them to work?"

"I can. All I'm afraid of is that I can't induce them to quit. They're liable to put his freight aboard the Bedford Castle and then pull down the dock in a spirit of playfulness and pile it in Captain Peaseley's cabin. There ain't no convulsion of nature that's equal to a gang of idle fishermen."

"When can they begin?"

"Well, it will take me all night to round them up, and I'll have to lick four or five, but there ought to be a dozen or two on hand in the morning." George cast a roving eye over the warehouse from the heavy plank underfoot to the wide spanning rafters above. "Yes," he concluded, "I don't see nothing breakable, so I guess it's safe."

"Would you like me to go with you?"

The giant considered him speculatively. "I don't think so. I ain't never seen you in action. No, you better stay here and arrange to guard this stuff till morning. I'll do the rest."

The following morning, true to his word, the big fellow walked into the warehouse followed by a score or more of burly fishermen.

Halt bore signs of effort. The big man's lips were cut, while back of one ear a knot had sprung up overnight like a fungus.

They fell to work quickly, stripping themselves to their undershirts, they worked the bolts, spread trucks and bala hooks and began their tasks with a thoroughly nonchalant energy. Some of them were still so drunk that they staggered, their awkwardness affording huge sport to their companions, and even to their intoxication they were surprisingly capable. George sought out Boyd and proudly inquired:

"What do you think of them, eh?"

"They are splendid. But where are the others?"

"Well, there are two or three that won't be able to get around at all. He meditatively stroked the knuckles of his right hand, which were badly bruised. "But the balance will be here tomorrow. These are just the mildest mannered ones the family men, you might say. The others will show up gradual."

The work had not continued many hours before a stranger made his way upon the dock and began to argue with the first fisherman he met. Boyd, approaching him, demanded:

"What do you want?"

"Nothing," said the newcomer.

"Then get out."

"What for? I'm just talking to this man."

"Will you go?"

"Say, you can't load that cargo this way," the man began threateningly. "And you can't make me go!"

At which Emerson seized him by the collar and quickly disproved the assertion to the great delight of the fishermen. He thrust him out into the street.

"I'm a union man, and you can't load that cargo with 'em!" The stranger swore as he slunk off.

The first actual violence, however, occurred when the fishermen knocked off for the noon hour. Boyd called up the police department, then summoned Big George. It was with considerable difficulty that the nonunion crew fought its way back to resume work at 1 o'clock.

During the afternoon the strikers made several attempts to enter the dock shed, and it required a firm stand by the guards to restrain them.

The next morning found the nonunion men out in such force that they were divided into a night and a day crew, half of them being sent back to report later, while among the mountains of freight the work went forward faster than ever. But in time the city awoke to the realization that a serious conflict was in progress.

The handful of fishermen, outnumbered twenty to one and guarded only by a thin line of pickets, became a center of general interest.

It was on the fourth day that Boyd espied the man in the gray suit among the strikers and pointed him out to his three companions, Clyde and Fraser, having joined him and George in a spirit of curiosity.

Late in the afternoon, without a moment's warning, the strikers rushed in a body, bearing down the guards like reeds.

Emerson and his companions found themselves carried away before the onslaught like chips in the surf, then sucked into a maelstrom where the first duty was self preservation. Boyd succeeded in keeping his footing and eventually fought his way to a backing of crated machinery, where he stooped and ripped a cleat loose. Then, laying about him with this weapon, he cleared a space.

At the first alarm the fishermen had armed themselves with bale hooks and bludgeons and for a time worked havoc among their assailants.

Seeing Clyde in a helpless condition, Emerson shouted:

"Come on! I'll help you aboard the ship." He found a hardwood club beneath his feet and with it cleared a pathway for Clyde and himself. He suddenly spied the man in the gray suit, who had climbed upon one of the freight piles, whence he was scanning the crowd. The man recognized Emerson and pointed him out. The next instant Boyd saw him approaching, followed by several others. Then, though Boyd fell back farther, the others rushed in and he found himself hard beset. What happened thereafter neither he nor Alton Clyde, who was half dazed to begin with, ever clearly remembered.

Before he had recognized the personal nature of the assault Emerson found himself engaged in a furious hand to hand struggle. Then a sudden blackness swallowed him up, after which he found himself upon his knees, his arms loosely encircling a pair of legs. As he struggled upward something smote him in the side with sickening force, and he went to his knees again.

He could only raise his shoulder and fling an arm weakly above his head in anticipation of the crushing blow he

thought was coming. But it did not

come.

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disappeared. Instead he heard a muffled weight crash across his calves. Then, with a final effort, he pulled himself free and staggered to his feet. His head reeling, his knees shaking, he saw a man's figure facing him and lunged at it to bring up in the arms of "Fingerless" Fraser.

Boyd turned and heaved the body of a man stretched face downward on the floor. Beyond the fellow in the gray suit was disappearing into the crowd. Then he saw a gleam of blue metal in Fraser's hands.

"Give me that gun!" he panted.

"I may need it myself, and I ain't got but the one here. Let's get Clyde out of this."

Fraser lifted the young chubman, who was huddled in a formless heap as if he had fallen from a great height, and together the two dragged him toward the Bedford Castle.

That night under glaring headlines the evening papers told the story, reporting one fisherman fatally hurt, one striker dead of a gunshot wound and many others injured.

CHAPTER XII.

A HALF mile from Captain Peaseley's ship the rival company tenders were loading rapidly with union labor. The next day Emerson and Clyde drove down to the dock with Cherry in a closed carriage, experiencing no annoyance beyond some jeers and insults as they passed through the picket line. Boyd had barely seen them comfortably established on board when up the ship's gangway came "Fingerless" Fraser radiantly attired, three heavily laden hotel porters groaning at his back, the customary thick waisted cigar between his teeth.

"Are you going with us?" Boyd inquired.

"Sure."

"See here! Is life one long succession of surprise parties with you?"

"Why, I've figured on this right along."

"But the ship is jammed now. There is no room."

"Oh, I fixed that up long ago. I am going to bunk with the steward."

"Well, why in the world didn't you let us know you were coming?"

"Say, don't kid yourself. You know I couldn't stay behind." Fraser blew a cloud of smoke airily. "I never start anything I can't finish, I keep telling you, and I'm going to put this deal through now that I've got it started." With a half embarrassed laugh and a complete change of manner, he laid his hand upon Boyd's shoulder, saying: "Pal, I ain't much good to myself or anybody else, but I like you and I want to stick around. Maybe I'll come in useful yet—you can't tell."

Emerson had never glimpsed this side of the man's nature, and it rather surprised him.

"Of course you can come along, old man," he responded heartily. "We're glad to have you."

The decks of the big, low lying tramp steamer were piled high with gear of every description. Ready now to sail, Boyd went out to the dock of see to wire Mildred of his success.

"Fingerless" Fraser soon ran in upon him. "They've come to grab you for killing that striker!" he yelled breathlessly. "There's a couple of 'square toes' on the dock now. Better take it on the 'lam'—quick!"

"God!" So Marsh had withheld this stroke until the last moment.

"You'd better beat it, quick!"

"How? I couldn't get through that crowd. They know me. Listen!" Outside the street broke into a roar at some taunt of the fishermen high up in the rigging. "I can't run away, and if those detectives get me I'm ruined."

Boyd clinched his hands in desperation. "I guess they've got me," he said bitterly. "There's no way out."

"From what they said I don't think they know you," Fraser continued. "Anyhow, they wanted Peaseley to point you out. When they come off maybe you can slip 'em."

Boyd seized eagerly upon the suggestion. "The wharf is empty—see! I'll have to cross it in plain sight."

Through the rear door of the office that opened upon the dock proper they beheld the great floor almost entirely clear. Save for a few tons of freight which Big George's men were working it was as unobstructed as a lawn, and, although it was nearly the size of a city block, it afforded no more means of concealment than did the little office itself, with its glass doors, its counter and its long desk, at the farther end of which a bill clerk was poring over his task.

They saw at the foot of the gang-plank two men talking with Big George. They saw Balt point the strangers carelessly to the office, whence he had seen Boyd disappearing a few moments before, and turn back to his stevedores. Then they saw the plain clothes men approaching.

"Here! Gimme your coat and hat, quick!" cried Fraser in a low voice, his eyes blazing at a sudden thought. He stripped his own garments from his back with feverish haste. "Put mine on. There! I'll stall for you. When they grab me, take it on the run. Understand!"

"That won't do. Everybody knows me." Boyd cast an apprehensive glance at the arched back of the bill clerk, but Fraser, quick of resource in such a situation, forced him swiftly to make the change, saying:

(To be continued.)

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

As I do my own butchering, I do not have time to peddle meats, but invite all residents of Northview to come to my store, where they can get Fresh Home Slaughtered meats at lowest prices.

M. McCLUNG.

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Stealey Heights Addition

One of the best additions in the West End. All lots front on wide streets and extend back to alley in the rear. Prices and terms as follows:

\$210 lot—\$10 down, \$4.20 per month.	No taxes, no interest.
\$262.50 lot, \$10 down, \$5.25 per month.	No taxes, no interest.
\$315 lot—\$10 down, \$4.30 per month.	No taxes, no interest.
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\$420 lot—\$10 down, \$8.40 per month.	No taxes, no interest.
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Milford road being paved to this addition. Water and Gas. You will make money if you buy today.

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REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
Rooms 3 and 4. Traders Annex.
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THE OLD REMAINE
WE STRIVE TO PLEASE.

HARDISTY & FLANAGAN, Props.



Keep your office or bed room cool with a

Hawthorn

\$10.00 Each
Cost to operate 1-2 cent per hour

The F. C. Welch Co.

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CLARKSBURG.

MONEY

AND YOUR OPPORTUNITY

We will supply the money in sums from \$10 up at the best rates and finest terms imaginable and your opportunity can be grasped thereby in being able to pay cash for material for canning and other winter necessities and the dominating expense of the season "School supplies."

Call us up or come in and see us. Open from 8 a. m. until 6 p. m., and 9:30 p. m. on Saturdays.

No charge in advance and confidential.

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We carry the largest and most complete line of High Grade Footwear in Central West Virginia, and cater to please the public. If you want shoes that are correct in style and right in price, you can find them here.



MEN'S SHOES

SNAPPY STYLES
In Pat. Colt, Tan and Russia.

All the Latest Ideas in Fine Shoe Making



School Shoes for Girls

Gun Metal, Dull Kid, Patent Colt.	
5 to 8	\$1.50 \$2.00
8 1-2 to 11	\$2.00 \$2.50
11 1-2 to 2	\$2.00 \$2.50
2 1-2 to 6, growing girls	\$2.50 \$3.00



School Shoes for Boys

Gun Metal, Tan Russia, Patent Colt.	
3 to 8	\$1.25 \$1.50
8 1-2 to 11	\$1.75 \$2.00
11 1-2 to 2	\$2.00 \$2.50
2 1-2 to 5 1-3	\$2.50 \$3.00 \$3.50



Women's Buckskin Shoes

short vamps, high arch and Cuban heels, price \$4.00 and \$5.00.

Women's Shoes

very flexible soles in gun metal, tan Russia and Patent Colt. Price \$3.50 and \$4.00.

